LYRIC FESTOONS

By

V. R. M. CHETTIAR, B.A

Price Re. 1/-

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Presented by S. Murugappa

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FOREWORD

Benedetto Croce of Italy, in his lecture on the Essence of Aesthetics, says that Art is Vision or Intuition, and the Artist produces an image or a phantasm, leading the Mind to the conceptual sphere. True art is a vivid offspring of Trance where man faces the channels of Chance and the tunnels of Tumult. When winged Expression is born, there is Poetry or rhythmic Prose with stirring contents. Thoughts grow, till the Tree of Wisdom is phenomenally visible.

Our young author, V. R. M. Chettiar is a profound scholar in English, an ardent lover of that Beauty of Art which is a joy for ever. A deep thinker, he breathes out, in spite of himself, rhythmic rhapsodies of wisdom. It is a delight to read his high-soaring expressions. Here is Genius free, free as Ariel who sings and soars in superb planes of Freedom.

Shuddananda Bharatiar

Sri Aurobindo Ashram.

Pondicherry,
16—11—1942

LYRIC FESTOONS

1

White aphorisms are white souls aflame, which are more fragrant than fugitive in pith and moment.

2

God is fond of becoming the Thinker's Victor or Victim.

3

Words raise volcanoes in the poetic thimble of Emotion.

4

Truth touches the fringes of Terror.

5

Art is Nature's resume or resonance; it is the precis of symbolic imagery.

6

God is either assimilated or annihilated.

7

Nature is a nude prophet.

8

Poetry is the pumice of Genius.

9

Life is a thorny journey to perilous truths.

10

God proposes dilemmas; Man blindly bitterly solves them.

11

Genius, born of a tremulous twilight, reaches the reverberant Dawn.

12

Conscience knows no Geography.

13

Destiny converts mockeries into miracles.

14

Beauty is Truth's splendour of form; Truth is Beauty's brighter interior.

15

A Poem in manuscript projects the poetic reflex of Genius.

16

Age is white and wise; Youth is madly thoughtless.

17

Genius ebbs and flows like the Ocean's hurricanous ripples.

18

Freedom thunders across dizzy blunders.

19

Time flings fluctuating shadows, disclosing Fate's inky peaks.

20

Poetry is not Fancy's feverish forgery; it is a throe of musical freedom.

21

A child is a rosemary on God's consumed silence.

22

Days and nights are bubbles that reel on the glorious stream of Eternity.

23

Chaos is a negative revision of Cosmos.

24

Fate is a mugger, the paragon of monsters.

25

Poetry is neither wit nor witchcraft, but the witchcraft of wit.

26

A poet never lusts after a rhyming rigmorole.

27

Martyrdom is heaven.

28

Leisure is the sea-shore of Freedom.

29

The Monster yields to the Martyr.

30

The sanguine sunrise ends with a religious sunset.

31

Lust preys on Passion Peaks.

32

Art chisels icons of sweetness and light.

33

Fate is an alarmist, a panic-monger with a glamorous noose.

34

God is cradled in Silence.

35

Sorrow is a golden Scorpion, climbing the white Wall of Peace for a stray Victim.

36

Allegories are eloquent emblems of Spirit.

37

Imagery is the poet's Profound Mirror.

38

Genius is atmospheric and aphoristic in moods and modes.

39

Night is starred and starred till she is sheathed in silence.

40

Night hounds the coy moon to a pale weariness.

41

Brighter books frighten shallow wits.

42

The triumphant Tongue swims in symphonies of Sound Waves.

43

Winged phrases gain poetic peaks and linger in solemnity.

44

The Canker, in blasting the Rose, is cantankerous.

45

God watches the human god in human premises.

46

Nature throbs, and art palpitates with cosmic vibrations.

47

Moments sing of hopeful sorrow and victorious surrender.

48

A Poet's divine frenzy surges in rhythmic explosion.

49

Life is a flashy journey through a thorny labyrinth, dancing between bleeding branches of Spirit.

50

Lovers' eyes are anchored on teeming bliss.

51

Beauty builds a rainbow over a volcano.

52

Conscience is concord; conscience is consonance.

53

A thief combats his conscience, when he stands self-condemned.

54

Melody, feeling a harmony between a wizard finger and a heaving heart, is a sorcery too subtle to divine.

55

A peevish Critic is a hopeless parasite; he dreams a chimera.

56

Moods prey upon Words, and Winged Wisdom descends.

57

Fate glues the clues of linked Invisibility.

58

The Eye of Lust screams gluttony.

59

The utterance of Genius is cometary and meteorous.

60

Day and Night twine their tinted tresses in tired translucency.

61

Remorse restores God's fluting grace.

62

Pain is the red flag of redeeming light.

63

Hope, wrestling with despair, discovers spiritual chasms.

64

Fancy is tired of weaving patterns of festoons in daisy chains.

65

Moods mould modes and codes of Beauty in the scheming Sky.

66

Art is mirrored Trance, Visionary Eden.

67

Thoughts and words merge in dreaming clouds and deepening lakes.

68

Laughter heals the Soul's simmering crucible.

69

Poverty is a purifier, God's serene gift.

70

Despondency has the mellow gleam of the Musing Moon.

71

A child revives man's faith in God.

72

Tears touch the crested peaks of tempests.

73

Sterner Will skins Fate to a haggard Sham.

74

Lust is the cusp of Dust; Crises are curses.

75

The Child is a God in the germ; he smiles miracles.

76

To the poetic cherub, the somnolent Moon is a milky blossom shifted from a Spring Mirror.

77

To a Genius, thought and word come as lightning and thunder.

78

Time pleads a martyr; Distance, a holy Cross.

79

Time rises in smoke; Distance dwindles in ashes.

80

Aphorisms are brighter cascades of thought.

81

Hope, climbing Age's icy cliffs, recoils on foiled shadows.

82

God's crow is a messenger of Unity; a white Soul serenely glimmers under the black plumage.

83

Tears incense the torches across deep divine distances.

84

Poetic emotion surges on the Gust of Light.

85

God links the torn poles.

86

Vacant words dissolve into dizzy zeroes; they gain the dim environs of thoughtlessness.

87

Night is a Winged Voluptuary.

88

Genius is felt, not annotated; God is felt, not invaded.

89

Play without display.

90

Poetry is a crying cavern of wonder manifested in mirrored rills of Music.

91

Culture lifts up the Voice of perfumed Understanding.

92

Lightning, as an explosive expression of Beauty, is a language-maker or a language-breaker.

93

Metaphors are ornamental upheavals of Visions.

94

Paradoxes poison paradoxes; ironies stifle ironies in mental fits.

95

Truth dismantles Fraud.

96

Any language is a camouflage or cataclysm.

97

A running snake is a running Fate.

98

Human frailties culminate in a cold tomb.

99

Doom's ravenous scimetar smacks of red red blood.

100

The World is a sorcery shop teeming with eerie eclipses.

101

The Moon's haloed crescendo traces its evolution from the finite to the infinite.

102

Thoughts are tunnelled; phrases are funnelled.

103

Fading-flowers read the awry signals of Fate.

104

Famine is the Scourge of God.

105

Love is an exalted Eden.

106

Words linger and hunger; thoughts hunger and linger.

107

Empty envelopes echo emptiness in spiritual crises.

108

Destiny dismantles dusty decorations.

109

Loose words are loose pantaloons.

110

Destiny plays hide and seek; vague victories become vaguer defeats.

111

Rain sings of Hope and Freedom and Music and Love, when God showers His limpid resonance in ceaseless laughter.

112

Monstrous moments tingle and thunder; God now and then smiles.

113

Beauty is a Sea of perennial inspiration; Beauty soars on rainbow wings.

114

Imitation is limitation: a boasting copy is a broken arc.

115

Definitions are dismal barriers.

116

God frowns on a parade of Prayer.

117

A crow surveys Man's caprice from a tranquil Tree-Top.

118

The Poetry of Earth, revealing her wings and colours of Imagination, opens fresh windows in our souls.

119

Time has teeming fangs; thorny hours reel as reviving scorpions; minutes poison the pendulum.

120

Wisdom gains the costume of Aphorism.

121

Language is stained or sustained as Genius dreams or dictates.

122

Night, made solid by silence, becomes Peace.

123

The Trees of Night are the Trees of Wisdom.

124

Night is the deepening mirror of Eternity; God paints black the Screen of Infinity; the Mystic is aware of the mystic background.

125

Expression is freedom of utterance.

126

Time kings; Mercy heals; Love harmonises.

127

Trials are reeling healing revelations.

128

Life is a thorny Rose; life lingers and gleans fragrance after a feverish sojourn on stained Dust.

129

Stars are intense interpreters.

130

To intuition converges the burning picture of mirrored moods wherein the call of the Beyond flames in lurid outlines.

131

The language of Genius is the language of the Moon and the stars.

132

God enters the Heart of Night, dissolves and transcends.

133

The child is eager to cage the Moon in the pond; the mimic Moon is mute, snoring in the pond's complexion.

134

Leaves stammer, and flowers gossip how the fruits have gained peace and perfection.

135

The Sinner, singed in Life, sinks into the Den of Disgrace.

136

Satan sanguinely festoons his own Pandemonium.

137

Night is a Holy Cathedral; Stars chant canticles.

138

Clouds, tired of perilous thinking, plot to blot themselves out.

139

Night, stung by the lightning cobra, shudders.

140

Lovers bill and coo, chirp and twitter, and gossip endlessly, till music and moonlight and feeling are one.

141

Night scales the holy heights of self-sacrifice, haloed with self-realisation.

142

A tall timorous Tree tranquilly muses on the sublime fruits of peace in a divine frenzy of Quiet.

143

The language of Genius is the language of Mercy or the language of Love.

144

Night swoons upon the winged Artist who dreams divine dreams.

145

Birds sing and fly nearer God; the wings of tired Souls flutter in infinite hunger.

146

Night is vivid symbolism inlaid with Thought's tinted embroidery.

147

Venomed Night jovially twirls and combs the Clouds' uncomely moustache, as a Golden Scorpion rounds its knotty naughty tail in jewelled arches of poison.

148

The Moon serenely shines as the white beaming Symbol of intense Self-realisation.

149

Under Night's tabernacle, lovers feel one heaven under the Moon's kindling beams, the Golden Synthesis of Souls.

150

An Artist's brush dips into the inky mystery, and Romance rises radiantly young.

151

Words either curve in festoons, or crumble in ashes.

152

Memory rises as a lovely apparition, a phantom of Delight.

153

Beauty, merged in a reverie, revives a deeper dream.

154

One crow tells another that to be black is to shine against the blue background of the Sky and to triumph over the green exuberance of the Tree's summit of distinction.

155

Thoughts bubble and break; words croak and crack; God is yet a mystery, a teeming Conundrum.

156

Our life is more a challenge than a compromise.

157

There are born books and torn books; born truths and torn shams; born genius and torn penury.

158

Poetry is fitful fever, dizzy dream, burning iridescence musically incarnated.

159

The Artist is self-kindled and self-consumed: moods become modes.

160

Genius sings in fiery freaks of lyric giddiness.

161

God can be inhaled, not sculptured into giddy ghosts.

162

Our life is in the Stupidity Street;
Our love is in the Lunacy Lane.

163

At night, trees tossing their heads in phantom tresses look like vociferous witches with twisted tongues, whispering tragic secrets.

164

Poets are dreaming Dictators.

165

Lunatic Lightning writes out its lunacy on the spot.

166

Language is the lit Soul exteriorised, when expression is illumination.

167

Night strives to become a black perfection; her silence stifles even Fate's taciturnity.

168

Phrases are craze-born; idioms are inborn; music is moon-born; songs are love-born; lust is rind-born.

169

Trees wake up and dream of Mystic Books in perilous myths.

170

The Sky stagnates; clouds turn tinted marbles.

171

I dream of Art without brooding on the ethics of aesthetics.

172

Luminous Ink broods and blazes and blossoms and becomes fathomless.

173

The poet's teeming pen shadows his inspiration.

174

Words rise in surprises, or sink into oblivion.

175

Plagiarism is sometimes Coincidence.

176

Feel God and kiss Him on the flaming forehead.

177

Tears scream in storms of anguish.

178

Imagination, swooning upon the ivory medium, gains Truth's iridescent Peak.

179

Misery is born of the thoughtless misers who ceaselessly blunder.

180

God flings painful parables in life's lingering lanes.

181

Love is a slender synthesis of exquisite excellences.

182

Wavering words stammer or stagger: words revel in versatile somersaults.

183

Words tumble into life, and often out of it.

184

Words, used by Genius, shed their illusion, and gain illumination.

185

Words, born of Grace, become a beacon in Infinity.

186

Black Night boils and brims over and blackens and becomes an ebony darling.

187

The Moon bubbles and blossoms and becomes a pebble.

188

Rhythm is dynamic dance on musical peaks; it is Thought's harmonious exuberance.

189

Destiny is a whistling Vagabond: his moods are vagaries.

190

Conscience is God's spyglass: it is the Maker's compass.

191

A true critic reveals the inspired to the uninspired; he gains the Mystic Meaning of intuition and genius.

192

The Moon, painted in silence, swims in the languorous Lake of Night.

193

Night numbs the noisy nothing of Day's dizzy deviations rising in phantasmal bubbles.

194

A broken nib is like a broken nose, and struggles to breathe.

195

An empty purse is a dire cartoon of Penury.

196

Time trims the tinselled ambush.

197

Night wears the Moon of Peace on her forehead.

198

An Artist dreams and screams: the noblest picture of Saint Joan is born.

199

Thoughts peck at words, and vanish into the land of Phrases.

200

Thoughts are drops; words are pins.

201

The thoughts of Genius tremble in the throes of birth; the Voice of the Off-spring is shrilly superb.

202

Metaphors are the jewelled arches of Language.

203

Aphorisms are assuring adages in Life's straits.

204

God flings gnomes in geometric pat-terns of Spider-Time.

205

A Poet is subtly caught in a labyrinth of metaphors.

206

An empty Heaven echoes God as an Invincible Incognito.

207

When words vanish, thoughts are banished.

208

A Genius congratulates himself on the inner compulsion of Intuition: his deeper Soul, self-stirred, sings symphonies.

209

Stylists are sycophants: they copy or crumble.

210

Words are fetters or fulminations.

211

The Soul views the Body as the smuggler's cottage.

212

Night is a marble phantom musing.

213

A coquette Quill collapses on the thoughtful spot.

214

Translation is treason: the Original is poisoned.

215

An Artist oscillates between altitude and attitude.

216

Art is treasured trance, pictured reminder.

217

In crises, God floods our conscience and lends understanding.

218

The Tongue swings, the Pen dances, the Brush swims.

219

Mercy is Altruism.

220

Man swims between the Dust of Illusion, and the Gust of Illumination.

221

God often peeps into the limpid well of Innocence on earth, and profoundly rejoices.

222

Modern civilisation beats the Monkey in its mimicry.

223

Genius dwells in lightnings; mediocrity flickers in ephemeral echoes.

224

Conscience gauges the Moral Deluge.

225

A lucid conscience is born of tempests and cataclysms.

226

Art is the Artist's Ego.

227

Moments are monsters; hours are hobgoblins; days are daggers drawn; months are mummies; years are yonder graves; centuries are sacred mausoleums.

228

Wedded words prove verbal wizards, crazy conjurers, tipsy tocsins.

229

Mirrors murmur miracles; often mirrors misread terrors.

230

Every failure climbs the grim greasy rung of Victory.

231

The hunted Victim ignores the hint of the Incognito.

232

The world has more fiends than friends.

233

Tears tell the tale of Destiny's whims: Tears are tintinnabulous, teeming with growing images of Sacrosanct Sorrow; Tears trim and nurse the Torch of Divinity.

234

A Poetaster rambles between a ragged Idea and a rugged Rhyme.

235

Fortune raises freakish flippancies; Freaks break on the cold tomb.

236

Night dreams of Light's bellicose beams.

237

Destiny zigzags through dire mystic curves: Fate plays the Mystagogue.

238

Language is neither a greasy luggage nor a noisy megaphone.

239

Beauty's Bosom kisses the chasm of Language.

240

Souls are hurricane lamps, cyclone torches.

241

God whistles; the Soul responds.

242

Grey hairs wave the white banner of divine sorrow.

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